

The most lamentable Tragedie

VVhen for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of thys ſport,
Shee ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kiſſes.

Goth.

VVhat canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh.

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the ſaying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not doone a thouſand more,
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuife his death,
Rauish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
Set fire on Barnes and hayſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,
And ſet them vpriſt at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on theyr ſkinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

of Titus Andronicus.

Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thouſand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.

VVelcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parley at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediatly deliuered.

Goth. What ſayes our Generall?

Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

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